Where Tom Moore

He Wrote It in Washington and Referred Frequently to the City as He Found It Then-Article of Intense Local and Literary Interest.

forever turnished his fame. They saw the mansion, a stately and well-preserved memorial of a historic past, but the cottage was not there. Its site was part of an exercising ground where sturdy young Americans developed their limbs, solidified their muscles and built up that energy which has always placed this nation in shining contrast with the effete civilizations of European countries. The tourists were told that just about a year ago, in an sconoctastic and utilitarian spirt, the Columbia Athietic Club razed the cotthe Columbia Athletic Club razed the col-tage, which had slood the atories of tire so well for over two centuries that a hinge intering ram had to be used in its demoli-tion. They were told that perhaps these young men did not know there was some-thing irally dimension in the destruction by their silving American arms of this cot-tage on the anniversary of the firth of him, who, within its massive walls, poured for the trains of his powerful invective against the infant republic, to which many of his own constrained, smarting under of his own constrained, smarting under similar tyrannies, had beloed to give life. Just now, when preparations are bing made in many places to celebrate the approximing anniversary of the poet's birth by the singing of his deathlessough and nting or his paregytic, it toky not programs to tell something about his life and his writings in the abode of the size wil and crists, old Scottmanh, who gave the Pather of His Country many moments of unrest.

One hundred and sixteen years ago, on he 28th of May, in Lady Morgan's "dear, dirty Bublin," Thomas Moore was born, bringing into the world with him a gift of song whose music was and is as sweet as the harmony of the "celestial syrens" that "sit upon the nine enfolded spheres."

The social circle in which his parents moved

A party of tourists visiting Washington recently inquired for the Van Ness mansion, around which so many of the early gloses of the National Capital chaster, and for the famous Davy Barns cottage, which, the guide book told them, was near by, and wherein they knew Ton Moore had written those biting satires on on the institutions of the republic that have forever larnished bis fame. They saw iti an undress, but actually standing it slippers run down at the beel, and both pantaloons, coat, and underclothing indicative of utter-sloveniness and in-difference to appearance, and in a state of begingence actually studied."

> Mr. Merry never forgave this, and at ar. Merry never lorgave this, and at every opportunity expressed his opinion in no temperate terms. This, of course, came to the President's cars, and shortly after, at a State dinner at which not only Mr. Merry, but the ladies of the legation, participated, Mr. Jefferson took Mrs. Madison, wife of the Secretary of State, is to dimpersifications of the Madison, wife of the Secretary of State, in to dinner—there was no lady of the White Houre, for Jefferson was a widower and his daughters were from home—mortally offending Mrs. Merry, who considered that she took precedence over the wife of a mere "bearer of a portfolio." The British Legation people never recovered from these supposed or intentional slights, and when the brilliant young poet, Moore, came to their home they did not, it may be imagined, loss any concertainty to berate and reville their home they did not, it may be imagined, lose any opportunity to berate and revile everything American. The evil recd, fall-ing on a keenly impressionable and often weak nature, brought forth a bitter crop, which will forever saily the rame of Thomas Moore in the eyes of all Americans, as well as in those of his own countrymen.

> Having vie wed the social and political condition of the young republic through Mr. Merry's clouded spectacles, Moore became the guest of Mrs. Van Ness, Davy Burns' daughter, and in the cottage which the gentlemen of the C. A. C. demolished a year ago indicat those famous epistolary satires to his friends. Lord Viscount Forbes and Dr. Thomas Hume, and which to this day are used by English editors as texts when they wish to induce in airy persiflare or they wish to indulge in airy peraiflage or something worse at the expense of this

"David Burns' Cabin and the Van Ness Mansion."

nber who, to use his own words, "halled number who, to use his own words, "halled the first damling outbreak of the French revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering." In his young life he was familiar with the mutterings of discon-tent that led to the organization of the United Irishmen and the famous re-bellion toward the close of the last century. With the maternal milk he ought tury. With the material milk he ought to have drank in the material which goes to make a good trebel, and perhaps he did; but it was his fortune to "lisp in numbers," and he rode his Fegasus so successfully that by the time he had attained his majority he was basking in the smiles of princes. He was dazzled by the glamor of Beigravia, and by his writings soon gave the He to the spasmodic patriotic atterances of his youth. Perhaps the coup-let in which he summarized the character of George Washington may be applied to himself

"Nature designed thee for a hero's mold, But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold,"

In his twenty-fifth year, just ninety-one years are, Moore, having tired of a government in Hermuda, came to America on his way to England. He visited Washington as the quest of Mr. Merry, the British minister, whom he found very much disgusted with his surroundings and smarting from a real or fancied insult which he had received from the President of the United States, Mr. Jefferson. It is worth while dwelling for a moment on this alleged "insult," as it may have had much to do with the vigatous lampooning which Moore with the vigatous lampooring which Moore gave the United States from "the little foom off the large one" on the ground fnor of the Burns cottage. No historian that I know of has taken this view of the case, but it is safe to say that Mr. Merry with his grievance did not fail to poison the mind of the impressionable young Irishman against the country in which he was a somewhat honored guest.

It all happened in this wise. It is prefly well generally understood that the much-talized of "deffersionian simplicity" some-times became sadly mixed up with what the great signer of the Declaration of Indethe grain signer of the Decharation of Inde-pendence had been seen on state occasions with the strings of his shoes looser than etiquette required. When the British min-ister arrived at the National Capital, as a matter of course his first move was to present his credentals to the Chief Exutive. Having sent previously to request an andlene, Mr. Merry, in full court cos-tume, and accompanied by Mr. Madison, Secretary of State, waited on the President at the time appointed. He was conducted opetairs to Mr. Jefferson's favorite morn-ling room which was hig room, which was entered through very narrow ante-room or passageway Pollowing closely at the heels of Mr. Mad-bou, the minister no sooner found hansell in this passageway than a backward move and entered at the other end, and as The some one was no less a person than President Jefferson, and as the passage-way was too harrow to annot of two persons standing comfortably abreast, naturally Mr. Madison gave way before the advancing President, thus forcing the Britisher to the undignified and crab-like necessity of backing out of the way.

This to a personage fresh from the formal transfer of the English Court was

atmosphere of the English Court, who was also imbaed with lorty ideas of his own in portance, was a severe shock; but when the President emerged from the semi-darkness of the half into full view the purcuilious foreigner was scandalized beyond expression, for Mr. Jefferson was arrayed in his usual dress of home-made stuff, and his nether limbs were excased in Connemara stockings and suppers randown at the heels. And-Merry was in full court costume! Here is hierry's version of the incoent in

his own language: atmosphere of hie English Coost, who was "On arriving at the hall of andience we found it empty, at which Mr. Madison seemed surprised, and proceeded to an entry leading to the President's study. I followed him, supposing the introduction was to take place in the adjoining room. At this moment Mr. Jefferson entered the study at the other end, and

was an humble but not a vulgar one. They were Roman Catholics—a body then prosentled and depressed by penal characteristics, and they seem to have been of the to Viscount Fortics is the longer of the two, containing nearly two hundred lines. In it the hopes that filled the minds of the fathers of the republic are thus outlined:

"Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream, Might suges still pursue the flattering theme of days to come, when man shall conquer fate.

Rise o'er the level of his mortal state, Belle the monuments of frailty past.
And stamp perfection on this world at last. 'lifere,' might they say, 'shall Power's divided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
Here godlike Liberty's herculean youth, Cradled in peace, and narror'd up by Truth To full matarity of nerve and mind,
Shall crosh the glants that bestrice mankind.

Here shall Religion's pure and balmy draft, in form no more from cups of state be qualf'd. But flow for all, through nation, rank, and Free as that heaven its tranquil waves re-frect.

Around the columns of the public shrine Shall growing Arts their gradual wreath Shall growing Arts their gradual wreath entwine.

Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid.

Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.

No longer here shall justice bound her view. Or wrong the many while she rights the few;
But take her range through all the social frame.

Pure and pervading as that vital flame Which warms at once our lest and meaner

And thrills a hair while it expands a beart." Much of this dream has taken on the form of reality and its "full perfection" will be rounded out by the genius of the regulatic notwithstanding the present perturbed condition of American social

"Long has the love of gold, that meanest

And latest folly of man's sinking age, Which, rarely venturing in the van of life, While notice passions wave their heated

These latter lines may have much con-

The venom in Moore's mind is again

From Linguistics decrois to be England's foes,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance but to cancel debt,
Have prov'd at length the mineral's tempting hise,
Which makes a patriot can unmake him too.
Oh, Freedom, Freedom, how thate thy cant.
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant Of parpled madmen, were they numbered all.
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base.

From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul, Could grate upon my ear so mean, so bose. As the rank jargen of that factious race. Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words, forn to be slaves and struggling to be lords, last pant for liceuse while they spurn con-trol.

Let us look abroad upon our magnificent city and see how, after meets one years, some of Moore's bitter lines to Dr. Hume have turned to prophecy.

'In fairly how, beteath the twhight gloom, Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome,
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi Dow,
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now.

worse.

Did beaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The molicy dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime,
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed

through logs, andst twars and Yankees, Democrats and Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and with me shall wander, and with me de-

These bitter lines which, it is said, Moore lived to regret, though addressed to Porbes and Hume, were read with relish by all England; and it was but natural that the fire of hate thus fed by him should have borst into flames in the White House a few years later, practically destroying the seene of Merry's "insult," and illumi-nating the little cottage where Moore ex-changed the poison of his pen for hospi-tality.

We may dislike Moore for the uncalledwe may disting above for the uncaned-for bitterness of hi sWashington letters, but we cannot dispise him, for even in them the strength of his poetic genius is evident; and, forgetting his aspersions, which "Time, the sweet soother of hate" has helped to soften, no student of literature will gainsay his greatness. He will ever rank as one of the truest, sweetest poets in the English lauguage, a man of wonderful industry and great learning. The realm of song would be poorer if he had not given to it "the warm lay of love and the light note of gladness," and until Time is no more the beauty, sweetness and richness of his Irish melodies will have a world-wide influence. His sacred songs will ever be sung on altars of many creeds, and the "harbarie splendors," of the Orient and the "barbarie spiendors" of the Oriest, which he so faithfully pictured in "Lulla Rookh," can never cease to fire the imagination of the reader. His prose works would of themselves alone be an enduring monument to him. The songs of Moore may but laye the presence the enduring monument to him. The songs of Moore may not have the passion or the power of the lyric of Burns, for Moore is not the poet of the people in any wide sense of that meaning. He has not specially voiced the aspirations of the plough, the loom or the forge. He has no song of which it can be said, as Cariyle has said of Burns' best known lyric "it might be which it can be said, as Carlyle has said of Barns' beat known lyric, "it might be sung by the throat of the whiriwind." But Barns aside, in pathos, tenderness, play of wit, brilliancy of fancy and rich adornment, the bard of Eriu must ever claim a high, if not the highest, place among our song writers.

During the greater part of Moore's life all the gods were kind to him. From an



and political life, the activity of bigots, or the croaking of pessimists.

"But it is thus?"-asks the poet-Borrow from Truth that dim, uncertain

gleam, Which bids us give such dear detusion Which bids us give such dear delusion scope
As kills not Beason while it mirses Hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so-ey'n now, Waile yet upon Columbia's rising brow. Thesnow ysadicotyoong Presumptionplays, Her bloom is solsoned and her heart decays.
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death.
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime.

She's old in youth, she'd blasted in her

"Already has the child of Gallia's school, The four Philosophy that sine by rule, With all her train of reasoning, damning arts.

Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken, after Nilus' flood.

The yearn'd birth of grantless. mi'd birth of sunshine and of The v

itself. But the close of his life was inex pressibly sad, its only consciation being the loyalty of his friends. The insatiable the loyalty of his friends. The insatiable "archer" was bosy in his household, and the blow resulting from the death of the last of his five children sent him weeping to the earth. Health was affected, spirits croahed and mind impaired. In the last year of Southey's existence we read how the poor scholar, whose mind had become an utter blank, would still walk round his library, gaze intently on his darling books, take them down mechanically, affect to read them and put them back unread. The last days of Moore were in a certain sense even more melancholy. When he appeared at social gatherings his gay sense even more meiancholy. When he appeared at social gatherings his gay flow of spirits, happy application of humorous stories and constant and congenial case were all wanting. The brilliant hues of his varied conversation had failed, the strong powers of his intellect had manifestly sunk, and the darkness which settled on his spirit collusted in death to tled on his spirit colminated in death in February, 1852

Guess the standing of the League clubs on a Times Baseball coupon.

Maligned America

In the last four lines may be traced perhaps a justification of my theory that the lack of courtery, which Minister Merry complained had been shown him formed Moore's inspiration. To quote again:

strife.

Come skulking last, with selfishness and fear.

And dies, collecting lumber in the rear, Long has it paisied every grasping hand and greedy spirit through this bartering land:

Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold So loose abroad that Virtue's self is sold, and Consciance. Truth, and Honesty are To rise and fall life of the self is sold.

made To rise and fall like other wares of trade.' solation for the pessimists, who proclaim that the halls of Congress are altogether controlled by the third house. But, thank heaven, it is not so, the pessimist to the contrary notwithstauding. The poison is in the air, no doubt, but it has its anti-dole in the pure orone which surrounds. dole in the pure ozone which surrounds and permeates our larger and better life. Every great movement and every effort for man's betterment has its "fringe of ruffianism." but it is only a fringe.

shown:
"Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordained
by Fate,
To show the world what high perfection
springs
From rabbie senators and merchant kings—
Even here already, patricts learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for
hire.
Those younted demargeries, who public

Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly From England's debtors to be England's

And shout for rights with rapine in their

This fam'd metropolis, where Fancy sees squares in morasses, obeless in trees, Which traveling fools and gazeteers inform With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.

Every true American citizen, no matter what the land of his birth, will regret that the prophecy in the following ines has had too large a measure of realization:

"Or worse, thou reighty world, ob, doubly worse,"

in full malignity to rankle here?"

Closing his letter to Hume he asks him to-

"Mingle converse dear By Thames at home, or by Potomac here, O'er Jage and marsh, through levers and

buring the greater part of abore's life all the gods were kind to him. From an humble position in the social scale he rose to the very highest. He was feted and petted by the great ones of the land. His social and literary successes went to-gether. His singing was the rage in every fashionable circle up to that of royalty

FRANCIS J. O'NEILL.

Bon Marche We have a special message to-day to TIMES readers, and we intend to make it of wonder-

ful interest to them. It's a business message, but after all, what matters that, so it's a dollar saving message, and that's what it is. We stand to-day on the eve of our great Mid-May Sale, and we feel that when the whole story of it is told it may be a greater success than even we ourselves-knowing as we do the less than bargain prices we have prepared-anticipate. During the past week we have been busy indeed, and even our great facilities were taxed. But commencing with to-morrow morning and until late next Saturday night we know we shall be busier by far, even as 2 is to 1. We shall look for TIMES readers-in fact the sale is theirs-the benefit theirs-the dollar-saving all theirs-yours, you know. We want you to appreciate the

Our store talk and prices below will hardly indicate an infinitesimal portion of the bargain array-you must do the rest. Come yourself and see and examine it all-then you will believebuy if you wish. We are so entirely at your service-with four great floors of abundant merchandise-with passenger "lift"-with our cosy reception balcony, furnished for resting or writing or glancing at the illustrated fashion papers-all to make you feel welcome and free to buy or not to buy. If you come you shall find our Mid-May Sale an occasion that will make you our constant customer-that's our aim.

WASHABLE DUCK SUITS.

we're thinking. Mid-May sale, a reputation!

WOMEN'S CAPES.

Our cloak buyer saw in time. We have 100 stylesperfect capes in silks, Sicilian silks, Taffetas, Velvets, cloth, embroidered handsomely. Only short and medium lengths, and price used to be \$20, \$18, \$16.50, \$15, \$12, \$10; now anyone of them yours for-think of it-Mid-May sale, \$4.79. Third floor, left side.

SIMPSON PRINT WRAPPERS.

We have 50 dozen very useful Simpson Print Wrappers in handsome dark and mourning effects. If they are not worth \$1 it's because they are worth more. Watteau backs,

FIGURED MOHAIR SKIRTS. "Godet" style-lined throughout and stiffened, velvet binding, 41/2 yards in skirt. Always \$5. Mid-May sale, \$3.59. Third floor, left hand.

AIGRETTES.

(imitation), mid-May sale, 19c. mid-May sale at 59c.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

The very smart kind, with We were busy yesterday, full skirt, Blazer jacket, Rip- we thought, selling underple back—in stripes and fig- wear, but this week we shall Lilies of the Valley—12 spray ing, or vice versa, are going ures—these suits are sold at be pushed hard to wait on you to the bunch—in pink, blue, fast. They are wonderfully \$2.50, and at the mid-May all. Our underwear prices cream, white, yellow, black, dressy and worth 50c. See sale price there won't be many and qualities are attacting no- bluet, cerise, and selling to- these! Mid-May sale 39c. of them left on Monday night, tice in Washington-getting morrow at the left as you go

with cambric ruffle-yoke bands—the 28c quality.

At 28c—50 dex low neck corset covers— fine cambric—neck and armholes trimmed with fine embroidery—pearl bottons—worked buttonholes.

At 13c—Only 10 dex good muslin drawers—deep hem and tucks—yoke bend— only two pair to a customer. Second floor, right hand.

LEGHORN HATS.

Just twenty-five-and remember only 25—really fine at 29c? We will-29c. misses' and children's Leghorn Hats, trimmed with ribbons-flowers-ostrich tips -\$5 kind-a genuine midlong they will last-at \$3.59. gains-even if the ladies buy means. Second floor back,

SUMMER CORSETS.

corsets-very cool and light down this hot weather-we medium waist-double side porters, 25c kind, mid-May large sleeves. Mid-May sale, and front steels, at mid-May sale 121/2c. sale 35c.

LEGHORN FLATS AND STRAWS. Here are Misses' and Chil-

gain that we know won't last and fancy laced edge—very 15c Stockinette and Rubtend to that. The popular and 75c kind and value at mid-May sale 26c.

At 18c-100 dex rough Sallors-very stylish with high crown and narrow rim-the intensely new shape with ribbon band in black, navy and white, at mid-May anle, 9c. Main floor left.

GOLD CROWNS AND HATS. Certainly a variety of shapes imported Paradise Aigrette \$1.25 and \$1.50 for, go this

IMPORTED FLOWERS.

Very wonderfully cheap are these 100 doz. silk velvet in the main entrance at oc a At 20c-Ladies' good musiin walking skirts, deep cambric rume, with tucks, roke hands. At 21c-Ladies' fine musiin short skirts, with cambric rume-yeke bands-the this bargain when we tell you that 40c is regular. Rememthat 40c is regular. Remember oc a bunch, 12 sprays. Ma'n floor, left hand.

What do you say if we sell you to-morrow 25 doz. 50c fine black silk Gloves, in all sizes,

At 195c. Liste Thread and Taffeta Gaunt-let Gloves — taus — brown—grey — cer-tainly worth double—195c.

GENT'S HOSE SUPPORTER. them. Men haven't time to come, but see how grateful A limited lot of summer they will be. Sox will slip -in white-extra long and offer Silk Elastic Hose Sup-

To the right from entrance.

Black Sewing Silk, dozen Here is a mid-May sale bar-dren's Leghorn flats-plain spools, worth 25c Departments are adjoining,

> ber Shields... Hooks and Eyes Ic doz TRIMMINGS. Basting Cotton (500 yds) worth 15c..... Curvetette Stiffening for

bottom of skirts and sleeves Seam Binding, all col-25c Crochet Silk, large STYLISH NECKWEAR.

Those new men's piped flat scarfs, black with white pip-To the right from entrance.

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS.

The swell percale bosom style, with detached link cuffs, unlaundered-the correct wear for the entire summer. The real value is 75c. Tomorrow they go at 59c.

At 79; -Men's Fine Dress Shirts-Pique and colored besome. Worth at 25.

DRESS LININGS.

Yours at almost less than any price, while the quality is the same as it always is Must have something for when we sell it-the best. May bargain-you know how the men in this feast of bar- Think what this mid-May sale

At to-Bear quality Plain and Cremnat Leno-black and white. At to-Regular life quality imitation Half Cloth-white. At 3c-Cambric-in all colors-the good to quality. 5c quality. At 8c-Pine Linen Grass Cloth-in all

colors
At 19c-Linen Serim in black, white, gray,
for stiffening skirts. Very cheap

IMPORTANT.

We call attention to the fact that our Trimming-Linings and Dressmakers' Findings thus saving trouble to ladies.

Wonders indeed! What think you of Fine Fancy Worsted Braid, in all colors, worth honestly 8c to 12c atworth 5c 2c yd well, its yours to-morrow at ic per yard! It's our midthis

spools, all colors......121/2c Bon Marche, 314-316 7th St.

BABY AND THE BATH TUB

Wiles Necessary to Coax Him to Ex-periment in Deep Water. He had never been in the bathroom before, on account of his investigating proclivities,

but on this day his tub, a papier mache affair, was found to be water-soaked affair, was found 45 be water-scaked and put out in the sun to dry thoroughly before painting over. A bath he must have, so at break(ast he was told that he could get in "papa's tub," but looked rather dubious over it. I have never known him to be really afraid of anything, but he is very conservative as regards change. However, he paddled up stains before me, his little bare feet twinkling from moder his night cown at every step. (He me, his little bare leet twinning from under his night gown at every step. (He usually comes down stairs himself as soon as he wakes up, without stopping to call any one, and experience has taught me that it is better to give him his break-



Coaxing Him Upstairs.

pone his "soft-boiled egg" till after a tollet, is the precursor of a cross day). Into the bathroom he went, open eyed at mysteries he had never beheld before. His soap box and brush, comb and towel he speedily transferred from the stand to the edge of the tub, but the minute the water was turned on he gave a howl of dismay.

"Mi no like it, mi no like it;" he shrieked, rushing out of the door and

"Mi no like it, mi no like it," he shricked, rushing out of the door and down the hall, where he nearly went head over heels in haste to reach the lower floor. "Mi no like it!" he kept repeating, sliding down stairs the fastest I ever saw him go. I cooled the water to the right temperature and went after him,

sofa, whither he had gone for rafety.
"Mi no like it," he kept on saying, unheeding my assertions that it would not hurt

By degrees I got him back to the room, but at first could think of nothing to per-suade him to get into the water. He looked suade him to get into the water. He tooked at the brush I put in for a beat, and inti-mated he would prefer to go unwashed for-ever rather than play in the tab. Match sticks and paper met no warmer reception; then I proposed in a moment of inspiration that he wash "Black Tom." his favorite that he wasn "Black folin," his lavored baby, and he began to relent just a little.

Tom wasn't made exactly for bathing, and I had grave double as to whether his color could stand it, but having made the suggestion I couldn't go back on it, so in



Sat Down on the Brush. Tom under and then, sitting on his feet, at-tempted to wash him, but his position was unstable and suddenly his feet shot from under him and he sat down on the brush.

under him and he saf down on the brush, bristle side up.

"Oh my, oh my! such rivers of tears and oceans of kisses as it took to heal his burt. Nothing but papa's new sponge persuaded him to try again, and it's safe to say Black. Tom never had such a scrubbing. The baby, however, was rather indifferently bathed, for he objected to having water run down his back, though he rubbed his feet most anmercifully to get the dirt off.

It was two hours before the scance was over. The following day it shortened up

at was two hours before the scance was over. The following day it shortened up an hour. Now it takes about ten minutes, though Black Tom still gets his scrubbing. He scores his little tub now and insigns both on running water into the tub and out again when through, and, moreover, declines to have a sponge of any smaller size than his papa's.

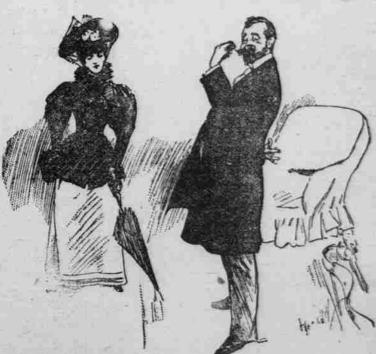
KENNET HOOD. than his papa's.

Guess the standing of the League clubs on a Times Baseball coupon.

If American law-makers choose to copy those of Venice in the year 1303, women's sleeves may be reduced in size. The Venetian

vented by the great magnificence of both skirts and sieeves, which are bluzoned with embroideries of gold and set with precious stones. These, too, were enacted out of fashion, but only while the senate had a pleasant time trying to circumvent women's wit and vanity at that
time. First they ordered sleeves reduced
in size. Then trains were enormous. As
soon as the puzzled law-makers realized
what was the matter they curtailed the
skirt by a second edict, to be again circum-

"Don't Mention It to Mrs. B."



Brown (who is engaging parlor maid in his wife's absence): "And

why did you leave your last place?" Comely Applicant: "Well, sir, it-it-it was for kissing master,

Brown: "Ahem! You-h'm-may consider yourself engaged!"